

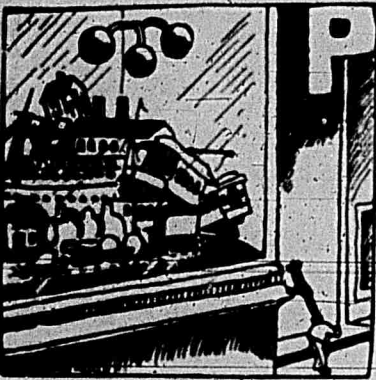
The Evening World.

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 22 to 26
Park Row, New York.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter,
Subscription Rates for the
Evening World for the
United States: One year, \$2.50; Six months, \$1.50; Three months, \$1.00.
For England and the
Continent and All Countries
in the International
Postal Union: One year, \$3.00; Six months, \$2.00; Three months, \$1.50.
One month, .20; One month, .60; One month, .20.

VOLUME 48 NO. 16,884.

WHERE THE MONEY IS.



PAWNBROKERS are more merciful than Wall street bankers. No pawnbroker appropriates over night the watches, jewelry and apparel which his customers have pledged with him, as do the Wall street bankers with the railroads, steamboat lines, iron companies and other properties hypothecated with them.

Pawnbrokers obey the Pawnshop law. How do Wall street bankers obey the National Banking act and

the State Banking laws?

For instance, it is prohibited by Section 176, of the National Banking act, to certify any check unless the amount is at that time on deposit. The Wall street banks every day violate this section. Without its violation Stock Exchange gambling, except on a very limited scale, would not be possible.

At present all the big Wall street banks refuse payment to their ordinary depositors in cash. They have curtailed their commercial credits and called in their business loans. Manufacturers, storekeepers, merchants and other legitimate customers have had their discount reduced, their supplies of cash cut off and their facilities for conducting their business limited.

Seemingly this is a period of Wall street contraction. It is in reality nothing of the kind.

The loans of the New York Associated Banks were increased in the last week by \$38,863,800. They are \$142,000,000 larger than they were this time last year and more than \$400,000,000 larger than they were in the flush times of 1901. Last week's increase followed a series of increases. In no previous November have the loans been as high as they are now.

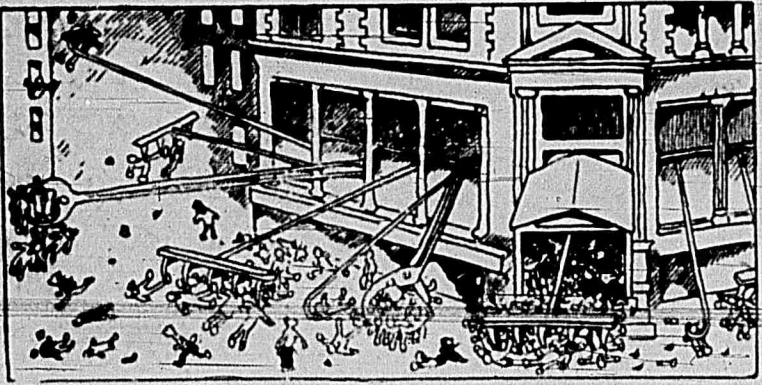
Who has all these loans?

Not the merchants, manufacturers and storekeepers of New York, not the small country banks, not the farmers and crossroads storekeepers. Neither did they get any of the United States Treasury money which Mr. Cortelyou provided. That went right across the street to the Stock Exchange.

The men who own and control the great Wall street banks have been issuing these credits to themselves that they might take advantage of the low prices for stocks and bonds and buy in other people's property cheap.

Of the more than one billion dollars of loans in the New York Associated Banks less than one-half are commercial loans on business paper. More than half are on Stock Exchange collateral. The men who control the credit of these banks are using it to acquire for themselves the mines, the railroads, the steamships and the other great incorporated industries of the United States. People who are not able to borrow have to sell. The few men who can get loans are the purchasers.

In reality there is no scarcity of money. There is not only as much money in New York as there was this time last month, but a great deal more. The associated banks had last Saturday more than \$220,000,000 of gold and legal tenders besides national bank notes. The addition to this of the gold imports raised the amount of actual money to a larger sum than in November of last year or 1905.



The owners of these great banks have taken Heinze's copper company from him. They have taken from Charles W. Morse his banks and his steamboat lines, from Thomas his banks and his insurance company, from Thorne his Portchester Railroad and Georgia Central Railroad, from Gates and his friends their Tennessee Coal and Iron Company.

It is reported that they are taking from Harriman his Union Pacific.

For these men who are despoiled the public has no sympathy. They deserved their fate, but when, instead of stopping there, the great Wall street bankers keep from the manufacturer his pay-roll money, from the farmer the means with which to market his crops, from the shopkeeper the accommodations necessary to carry his stock in trade, then it is plain time that the attention of the public should be called to the facts, and that these banks should be compelled to conduct a legitimate business and to pay their legitimate commercial depositors in money, even if it do so they have to close the Stock Exchange and abolish gambling in Wall street.

Letters from the People.

The Manly Man's Success.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In yesterday's Evening World a reader asks two questions—One, "Nowadays do men succeed who are manly, or is it the men who will stoop to every mean act for the sake of self-advantage?" And, second, "Is it the sensitive, benevolent, prime, generous man that succeeds or the grasping, brazen, arrogant, ignorant, mean, hard-boiled man?" Both of these questions have been asked over and over again, but in different forms, and it has been proved so far

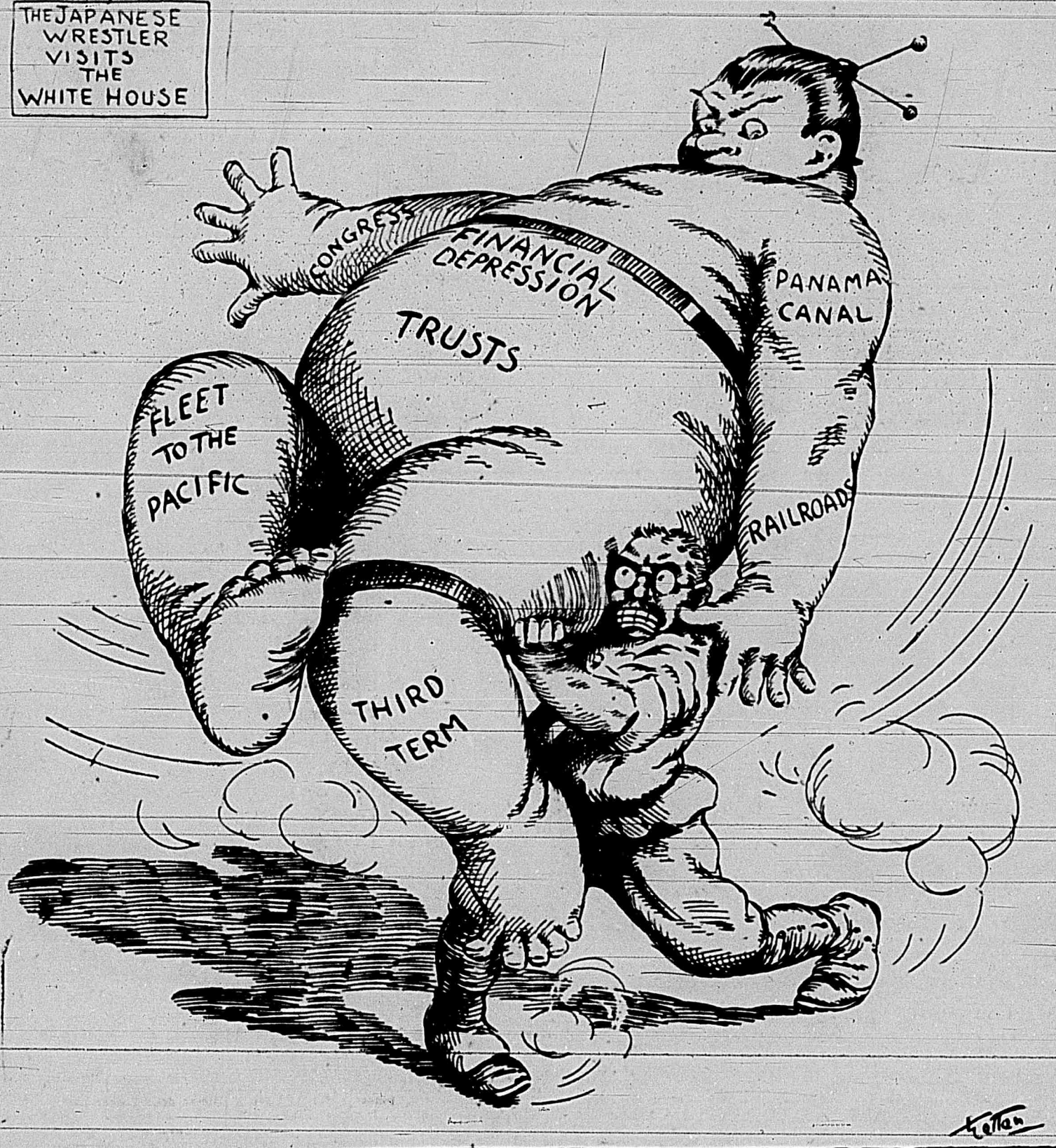
that if a man attempts to do or say anything in a lying, cowardly or unbecomingly manner, and while possessing these inferior qualities in his heart he will act toward other people accordingly, and is always caught or found out before his career ends. Whereas an honest, God-fearing man fears no one, and no one fears him, giving him the best possible chance to succeed. If he wants to, and bear in mind always and forever, and no matter what you want to accomplish, and no matter where you want to accomplish it, the only way to do it is to be honest. It is the best policy."

H. B. GREEN, No. 86 Rockaway Avenue, Brooklyn.

The Wrestler.

By Maurice Kettner.

THE JAPANESE WRESTLER VISITS THE WHITE HOUSE



Haven't You Ever Gone to a Whist Party With Your Wife and Had the Same Gay Experiences as Mr. and Mrs. Jarr?

By Roy L. McCardell.



"Now," said Mr. Jarr, "if you ladies are through talking about the neighbors, we'll play that game of whist, which was, I believe, the cause of this little gathering."

"Sure!" said Mr. Rangle. "Did you ever hear such a lot of gab? Here's the cards; let's get to it."

"If we talked about our friends the way you men talk about your friends," said Mrs. Jarr, "you two would have some grounds for criticism."

"Well, I should say," exclaimed Mrs. Rangle. "And what's more, I want to say right here that if Mr. Rangle is going to insult people I am going right home. It's bad enough to have to listen to him abusing people in his own home, but I certainly am not going to put up with it in your house, Mr. and Mrs. Jarr."

"Oh, your husband is all right," said Mrs. Jarr quickly. "He wasn't saying a word. It was Mr. Jarr began it all. He doesn't care one bit how he humiliates me!"

Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangle exchanged winks and Mr. Jarr flipped the deck of cards and growled: "Well, are we going to play or ain't we going to play?"

"You could wait a minute till I get the other cloth on the table," said Mrs. Jarr. "I never saw your best in my life! As soon as you finish your dinner you want to get right to playing cards. Can't we have a moment's talk?"

"I don't mind a moment's talk," said Mr. Jarr, "but after it's kept up for hours it gets a little wearying. You and I to play Mr. and Mrs. Rangle!"

"I wouldn't play with you!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "I'll play with Mr. Rangle. At least, he has some manners."

"Shall we cut for deal?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, it's all right; you deal," said Mrs. Rangle, sweetly.

"Now, don't you let him deal, Mr. Rangle," said Mrs. Jarr. "I know he has some scheme in doing that!"

"I'll watch him," said Mr. Rangle, good-naturedly. And Mr. Jarr dealt the cards.

"I couldn't match that velvet cloth," said Mrs. Jarr to Mrs. Rangle. "And never again will I buy more stuff than I need. Of course, it's all right to have a little over, enough for a front breadth if you should get your dress stained and have to put in another panel. But to buy just half enough for another dress because it's a bargain and with the thought of getting some more some time, is foolish. For you will find the stores do not carry the same thing next season, and, anyway, who wants two dresses of the same material? Who'll believe it's a new dress and not the old one made over?"

"Yes, but it is good material, like that maroon velvet, you can get it dyed black. They dye that fine velvet beautifully. I saw a dress in a window on Forty-second street marked 'dyed,'" said Mrs. Rangle.

"Mrs. Kittiny gets her dresses dyed over, and another thing, she buys second-hand things. That lace opera cloak of hers is second-hand. I'd be afraid to buy second-hand things for fear they were stolen goods," added Mrs. Rangle. "Suppose some one should claim them when you were at the theatre?" she concluded.

"Are you going to play?" growled Mr. Rangle.

"It isn't Mrs. Rangle delaying the game, it's Mrs. Jarr," said Mr. Jarr. "It will be noticed that the husband in company doesn't stand up for his own."

"Oh, there," said Mrs. Rangle, looking daggers at her husband for it was her lead—and laying down a card.

"The big hats are going out, don't you think?" asked Mrs. Rangle after a moment's silence.

"I know a derby that's going out," snarled Mr. Rangle, "if you don't shut up and play cards."

"There! You can't do that!" said Mrs. Jarr as Mr. Jarr put a king of trumps on her deuce lead. "The rule is 'second hand low.' I have the ace, and I'd have caught your king next time!"

"The rule is, follow suit and get your king in, if it's unguarded," said Mr. Jarr, with a grin.

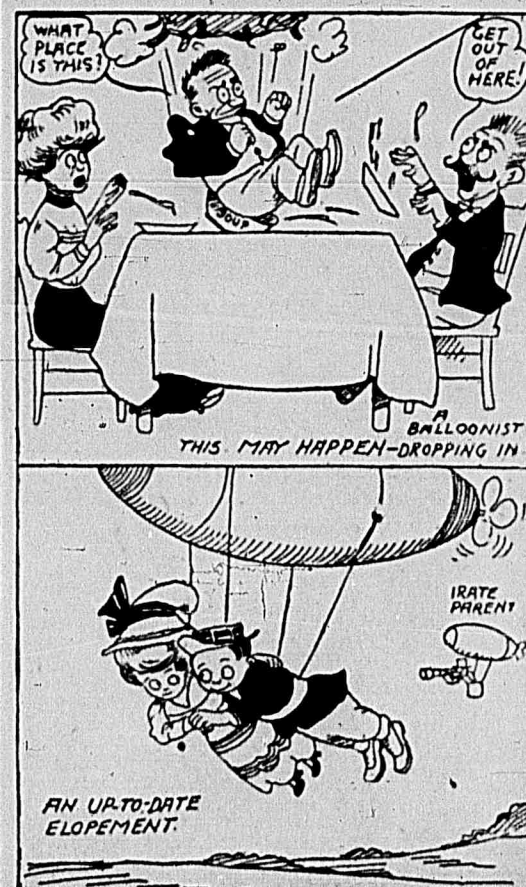
"I won't play!" declared Mrs. Jarr.

"Ah, come on out, Rangle!" shouted Mr. Jarr. "What's the use?"

"Let them go, dear," said Mrs. Rangle, sweetly. "I hate cards, anyway. What were we playing? Well, it doesn't matter. I hate a game where one can't talk."

When We Begin to Fly

F. G. Long



Nixola Greeley-Smith

Discusses Heart Topics



"MIXED" MARRIAGES.

IT IS said that Archbishop Farley has refused to perform the marriage ceremony between Miss Gladys Vanderbilt and Count Grodheny on the ground that he has never consecrated a "mixed" marriage. And it is declared, furthermore, that no priest will be permitted to marry the couple unless the Catholic ceremony precedes all others, civil and religious.

There can be no criticism of the Archbishop's attitude, because his position and that of his church on the great questions of marriage and divorce is consistent. I mention it merely because it has called attention once more to the problem the "mixed" marriage presents. Quite frequently I receive letters from men and women asking me if it is advisable to marry persons of a different religious belief. They make me feel almost as if a communication mailed in the Middle Ages had just reached me. For what possible difference can it make to the enlightened tolerance of this age what any one believes or disbelieves?

When a man loves a woman it is seldom, if ever, for her soul, and it behooves him to let her save it in her own way. And the woman must grant him equal latitude in the same direction. Married couples who quarrel about religion have no more excuse than those that differ about the texture of the morning bacon or the evening beefsteak. They exist on no higher plane. Any religion, if it fulfills its function, should help its followers to be kind-hearted and tolerant of others. In England we have at the present time the sensational case of Lady Bagot, an American woman married to a nobleman, from whom she had exacted a pre-nuptial agreement that all children of the marriage should be baptized in her own faith. Her first child she had baptized according to this agreement, as she had a perfect right to do. But Lord Bagot was not willing to keep his word, and after the christening which his wife insisted upon left her and went to live by himself at another estate belonging to him. Then Lady Bagot proceeded to make herself ridiculous by ruling under an old English law, to compel her husband to live with her. Having found out that he had the soul of a crook, inasmuch as he refused to live up to his word, she was unable to realize her good fortune at getting rid of him. This man's lack of honor just happened to reveal itself in a matter of religion. If he and his wife had been of the same faith it would have come out in some other direction, inevitably.

The truly religious are not bigoted, and there is no more reason why sensible men and women should quarrel because their religions are different than because their eyes are not the same color or because one wears a mustache and the other a two-inch pompadour. But a question of the children arises? Why should it? Why has either parent the right to stamp a new and unformed soul with his or her particular creed? I merely ask the question, and make no attempt to answer it.

But it seems to me religious belief should never interfere with the course of true love, already too much obstructed by stern parents and harsh financial necessities.

Just One Minute, Sisters! Briefs for Equestrians. By Helen Vail Wallace.

RULES for riding were once thought to be embodied in the old rhyme: "Keep up your head and your heart, Your hands and your heels keep down; Press your knees close to your horse's sides And your elbows close to your own."

The first and second lines are quite wise rules to follow, but the last two lines suggest stiffness, which above all things is to be avoided if one would get out of course you have a thorough understanding already established, an entire absence of rigidity.

All sensible riders out for health and safety ride over-saddle (saddle to divided skirts). They also avoid stiff girth of every sort, wear gloves a size too large, easy shoes a size too long and take care to arrange the hair smoothly, and see that the hat, which should be small so as not to catch the breeze, is securely fastened. An ideal riding dress for these cool days is of dark brown or navy or cloth with divided skirt, coat reaching just to the saddle, and breeches, leggings and cap to match.

See that every buckle, strap and band to your saddle and bridle are safe and strong, and that the stirrup leathers are exactly the right length so that when you stand in your stirrups the knee is not uncomfortably bent.

Ride slowly at first so that your sized and yourself may get into harmony with each other before trying a canter or rapid gallop. The horse is your own course you have to learn to understand already established.

If your horse has the reprehensible habit of trotting when slowing up from a gallop, learn to rise in your stirrups at these times and thus avoid the uncomfortable jolting.

In avoiding rigidity of attitude be careful not to slip into the opposite fault, a slouching position. But be alert, sitting erect with feet lightly but firmly placed in stirrups and then let your body away naturally with the movements of your horse.

Human Fancy and Science.

By George K. Chesterton.

THE thing that remains is not the thing that matters. If a modern man were buried like a primitive, his twentieth-century would destroy his shirt and leave his shirt-studs. And I suppose that the scientific wisecracks of the future would have beyond question that the Englishman of the twentieth century wore nothing but a collar-stud.

This is where the real evil and danger of such "collations" come in, writes G. K. Chesterton in the London News, reviewing a new history of the world, with foolish illustrations in it. It is not science that is dangerous, the fact is really known. It is the huge superstructure which the human fancy erects on an instant upon the smallest and most trifling hint. If we knew nothing about a man except that he is a Prehistorian and once wore a green umbrella, we cannot help making an immediate picture in our minds, complete, artistic and alarming. Whereas in truth those two things may be quite minor matters in the man's life; he may have early abandoned Presbyterianism and only bought a green umbrella during the one evening of intoxication with which he commemorated his deliverance from that creed. In the same way, when we see a skeleton and a stone axe-head, we instinctively think of a naked man with a stone axe. The man may, as a fact, have been slightly overdressed and may never have used a stone axe in his life. It may have been a ritual, or just a useless axe head, or his tomb is a fortress, or that any man in a wooden coffin was a carpenter, do not know anything about these things. To talk about the world before history is to talk about knowledge before knowledge.

Cos Cob Nature Notes.

COS COB has a new note. The screech owl who whistled us to sleep all summer has gone and isn't missed. The new note is an early riser. It sounds something like this: He-e-e-Ha-a-a-w-oh-oh-oh-h-e-e-e. Haw! Whoop! We-o-w-e-o-w-e-o-w-e-e-e. At first some folks thought it was Ernest Thompson-Belon practicing the moose call up in Wyndyghoul until they recalled that he was in Achaemen. Others thought that Uncle Ben Wilmo's parrot had learned a new note. Another idea was that Mr. Mellen was whistling to Gus Scott to shut the door. It turns out that the noise emanates from the donkey team recently imported by George Boles. Mr. Boles is the latest addition to the literary colony clustered hereabout, which includes Lincoln Steffens, Irving Bacheller, Theodore G. Walkman, Earl Leach Taylor, Ish Kelly, Wallace Irving, Gilman Hall, Ray Brown, Ernest Thompson-Belon, Winfield Scott Moody, who is cracked on old china; O. Henry, who comes visiting, and Harry Leon Wilson, whose book-up is boarding in Riverside, across the creek. All of them are within donkey-range. Mr. Boles is an eminent bookmaker as the Belmont season shows, with a sure-shot system. He lives on the old place where Thomas Hitchcock was born, bought from the lumbered Ed Hanlon, of Superba fame. The donkeys came turning at breaking into song at about 5:30 A. M. When the Abbe Hue was exploring China he discovered that his donkeys could not bray unless their tails were in the perpendicular. The Chink donkey-drivers curb the mule by tying rocks to their tails. Mr. Boles's donkeys can warble with their appendages in any position.

The smells are running free in the Mianus River. They average about four inches long and half an inch thick. Those that get a chance grow bigger. John Brush caught one Saturday nine inches long. When the tide is out the smells have to come in one at a time.

The older is dark brown this year and rich in flavor. It costs seven cents a quart at the grocery. All the mills are running.

The Poorest of Kings.

KING GEORGE of Greece is the poorest of all European Kings. His income is about \$700 a day, which is nothing to one obliged to maintain the state and dignity of a King. He would be poorer still were it not for outside help. England, France and Russia each subscribe \$25,000 a year toward his income.